

**CHAOS!**  
COMICS



**1** \$2.50  
(of 4) \$3.50  
JUNE Canada

# LYNCH

## KOB



JENSEN



JUNE 29, 2048 AD. THE PLACE?  
SOUTH AMERICA.

THE SITUATION? A BAND OF FREE-  
LANCE SUPER FREAKS ARE OUT  
TO DESTROY THE LAST OF THE  
RAIN FOREST-- WHICH IS OWNED  
BY AMERI-CORP, A MULTI-  
NATIONAL CONGLOMERATE THAT  
BOUGHT OUT WHAT WAS ONCE  
KNOWN AS AMERICA.

DIAGNOSIS? SEND IN  
THE LYNCH MOB!

MADEIN STEEL!

SLEDGE!

SOME GEEK'LL  
DO ANYTHING  
FOR A CREDIT  
CHIP.

BUDDA!  
BUDDA!

CLIK!

RUNT!

LYNCH!

ALRIGHT PEOPLE,  
SHARPEN UP! THERE'S  
NAILZ, OUR FORMER TEAM  
MATE AND A GROUP OF  
PARA-HUMAN  
FREELANCERS  
DOWN BELOW!

KNOX!

THE MOB ARE PAID TO PROTECT AMERI-CORP'S  
"INTERESTS". IT'S NOT LIKE THEY RELISH THEIR  
JOBS, BUT HEY, IT'S A LIVING.



THE WORLD OF THE FUTURE  
IS A CRUEL ONE.

GENETICALLY AUGMENTED PARA-  
HUMAN "FREELANCERS" SWITCH  
ALLIANCES DAILY, WORKING FOR  
THE HIGHEST PAYING CONGLO-  
MERATE. IN THIS CASE, THE  
PLAYERS ARE...

BOA-CON!

THRESHER!

NAILZ!

TALON!

FRAG!

IF YOU DESTROY  
THE LAST OF THE  
RAIN FOREST,  
YOU DESTROY  
YOURSELVES!

ATTACK!

PHEWW

GOTTA  
STOP NAILZ  
QUICK!

YOU CAN'T STOP  
ME! I KNOW ALL  
YOUR SECRETS!





THE HERD!

YOU WANNA  
PAY US  
TO STOP?

DEF-CON 4!

NOTIONS OF THE "GOOD GUY" AND  
"BAD GUY" ARE A THING OF THE  
FORGOTTEN PAST. ALL THAT MATTERS  
NOW IS SURVIVAL. AND TO SURVIVE  
YOU MUST HAVE CREDITS. TO EARN  
CREDITS YOU MUST WORK FOR A  
CONGLOMERATE.

THINK  
SO?

KNOW  
SO!

KIRAK!

CLANK!





**BUDDA!**  
**BUDDA!**

**BUDDA!**  
**BUDDA!**  
**DIE!**



SORRY, FREAKS!  
I'M TOO YOUNG  
TO DIE.

MY EIGHTEENTH  
BIRTHDAY'S COMIN'  
UP AND I JUST JOINED  
THE TEAM!

I HAVE  
TOO MUCH TO  
LIVE FOR.



THAT ROOKIE'S  
GONNA GET US  
KILLED ONE OF THESE  
DAYS, LYNCH!

**RRR?**



SHUT YER  
FLAPPIN'  
TRAP,  
ROOKIE!



**GRPP  
AAA!**

**WAK!**

**THWP!**

**THWP!**



**BRAKA  
BRAKA  
BRAKA**

YOU GOTTA  
PROBLEM WITH  
THE ROOKIE, ROSA,  
YOU TALK  
TO ME!



**KA-TRAM!**









HEY, THRESHER.  
COME TAKE YOUR  
BEST SHOT!

KANG

MY HAND  
BURNS!  
YOUR  
BLOOD--

IT'S  
ACID!

WAK-K-K

YEAH, AIN'T  
THAT A KICK?!

LATER.









YOU FREAK!  
GO JUMP IN A  
RADIOACTIVE  
CONTAINMENT  
TUBE!

NO SKIN OFF  
MY BACK, BIG  
GUY. LATER-

WAIT! OKAY.  
DO IT! DO IT!



ANOTHER  
SATISFIED  
CUSTOMER.

CREEP!

YOU WANT TO  
REAPPEAR IN SOLID  
ROCK? NO? THEN  
SHUT YOUR TRAP  
LOSER!

NEGATIVE,  
SIR. TWERP AND  
ANYTHING HE TOUCHES  
BECOMES UNTRACE-  
ABLE.

GONE! KNOX,  
CAN YOU TRACK  
'EM?

GOES WITH  
THE TERRITORY.

YOU'VE LOST  
A LOT OF  
SKIN, SIR.



JOB'S OVER.  
WE'RE OUTTA  
HERE!

IF WE BAGGED  
NAILZ IT WOULD'A  
BEEN WORTH AN  
EXTRA 20,000  
CREDITS.

WE'LL BE  
LUCKY TO CLEAR  
4,500 CREDITS FOR  
THE GIG.

IT BEATS  
COLLECTING  
GAMMA-RADIO-  
ACTIVE WASTE  
FOR A LIVIN'.

WHAT DO  
YOU KNOW  
ROOKIE?

LIGHTEN UP  
STEEL. YOU'RE  
PIGGED 'CAUSE YOU  
DIDN'T DROP  
ANYBODY.

TRANQ GUNS  
SUCK! THIG "NO  
KILL" CRAP IS FOR  
PUNKS! IF WE ACED  
'EM, I'D BE OVER!



LATER, BACK IN LOS ANGELES...

Commander's log: "Another day on the job done. Los Angeles is a sorry sight."

"Clean air costs more credits than we earn."

"Had my facial tissue restored. Probably the twentieth time this year."

RAIN FOREST IS DOWN TO TWO SQUARE ACRES. WE SAVED IT TODAY. BUT WHAT ABOUT TOMORROW?

LYNCH!  
GET DOWN  
HERE!

GREAT!  
THE BOSS.

AMERICORP  
EXPERIMENTAL  
RESEARCH  
FACILITY...

PULLING DOUBLE  
DUTY. WHAT A LOAD!

PAYS TIME AND  
A HALF. EARLY  
RETIREMENT.

RETIREMENT?  
WE'RE AT LEAST 65%  
MACHINE. OUR ONBOARD  
GENERATORS'LL KEEP  
US GOING ANOTHER  
100 YEARS. IF OUR  
BRAINS DON'T  
DRY UP!

WHAT ARE WE  
GUARDIN' THAT'S  
SO IMPORTANT,  
ANYWAY?

HIGH SECURITY  
BIO-MECH  
EXPLORATION.

WHO AM I TO  
COMPLAIN? I GET  
A STEADY PAYCHECK,  
MEALS. JOB SECURITY.  
MORE THAN MOST.  
I FEEL... EMPTY.

WHATEVER  
HAPPENED TO  
THE HEROES?

I SEE YOU  
DRESSED FOR  
THE OCCASION.

YOU DON'T  
PAY ME TO BE  
PRETTY,  
CYNTHIA.

MAYBE I  
SHOULD  
SOMETIME.

WHAT A LOAD.  
I COULD USE A  
SHOT OF JD AND  
SOME R'N'R.





THE MISSION  
IS COMPLETE,  
MS. PAINE.

THE THREAT  
TO THE DOME IS  
ELIMINATED.



SPEND THE NIGHT  
WITH A WOMAN WHO  
IS MORE POWERFUL THAN  
ANY U.S. PRESIDENT  
EVER WAS.

TRIVIAL  
DETAILS  
...

I DON'T MIX  
BUSINESS WITH  
PLEASURE. WE ALREADY  
MADE THAT MISTAKE  
ONCE.

LYNCH, COME  
BACK. INTERNAL  
TROUBLE IN BIO-MECH  
SECTOR TWO.



OH, I KNOW  
ALL THAT  
SILLY MAN.

IF THAT'S  
ALL, I'VE GOT  
THINGS TO  
DO.

WHY DON'T  
YOU STAY  
A WHILE?

I'D  
RATHER  
NOT.

IT GETS  
LONELY  
AROUND  
HERE.



COPY THAT.  
I'M COMING.

SOMETHING'S  
WRONG WITH  
YOUR LATEST PET  
PROJECT.

WHO'S  
ATTACKING  
IT?!

PROBLEM IS  
INTERNAL, WITH  
THE PROJECT  
ITSELF.



WE CAN'T WAIT  
FOR LYNCH!  
WE'RE GOIN' IN!

SLEDGE  
DO YOUR  
STUFF!





ANYBODY HOME?

SKRRRRKKK

BACK OFF!  
IT'S ABOUT  
TO BLOW!



AAAAAA

AAAA



WHAT... AM I ?

WHO AM I ?

MUST... LEAVE.

WHAT IS THAT?

LOOKS LIKE  
A WOMAN,  
LIKE THE BOSS,  
MS. PAINE.



PLEASE--  
NOOO!



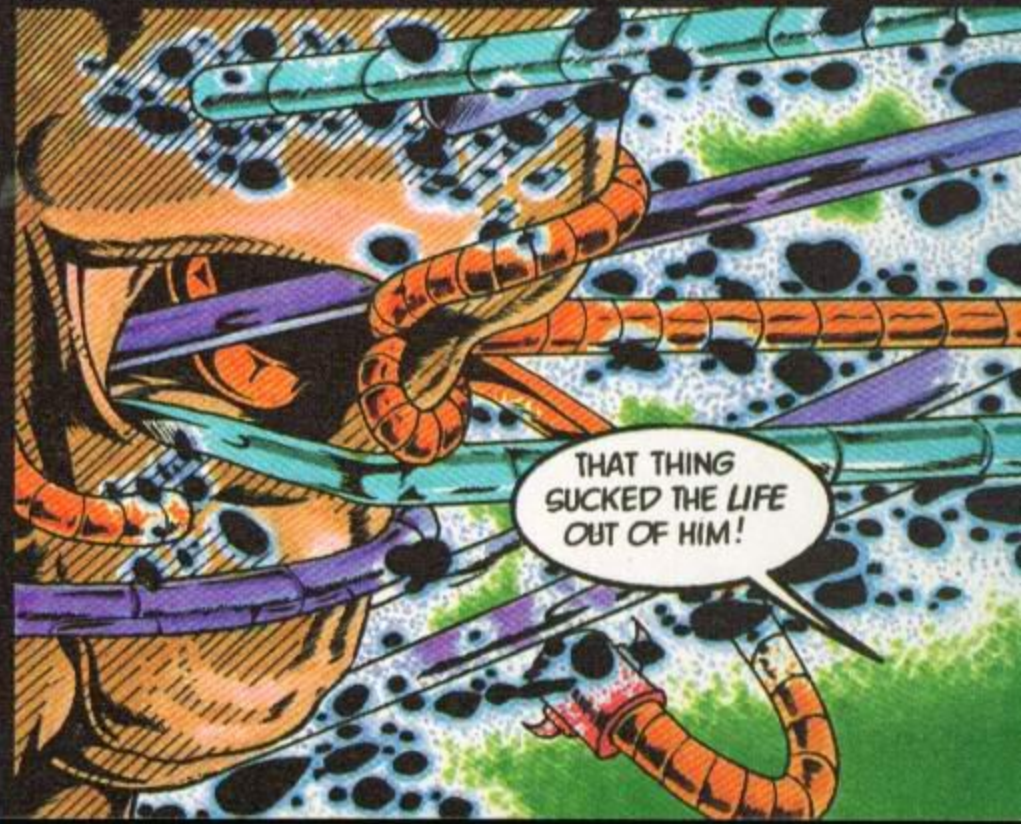
WHAT THE HELL  
IS AMERI-CORP  
GROWING  
IN HERE?

MUST... CONSUME.



ACK--

MUST CONSUME  
LIFE FORCE.



THAT THING  
SUCKED THE LIFE  
OUT OF HIM!





TAKE IT OUT!  
TAKE IT OUT!

**BRAKA!**  
**BRAKA!**

DON'T YOU  
**DARE!**

THAT'S MY  
PROPERTY!

YOU'RE  
KIDDING,  
RIGHT?

THAT'S MY  
LIFEFORM,  
CONTAIN IT!

**AAAAAHEE!!!**

NEED ENERGY... FOR LIFE.

LOOK AT IT MOVE!

IT'S ABANDONING  
ITS CORPORAL FORM  
AND TRAVELING INTO  
THE COMPUTER SYSTEM  
ITSELF! UNBELIEVABLE!

MS. PAINE,  
WOULD YOU CARE  
TO FILL US IN?

**SPLAT!**







WHAT'S THE WORD?

CAN'T GET A LOCK. EITHER THAT THING IS PURE ELECTRICAL ENERGY, OR IT'S DISAPPEARED ALL TOGETHER.

TRACK THE DAMN THING ALREADY! IT MEANS MORE TO ME THAN YOU KNOW!



WELL, DAMN IT! WHERE IS IT?!

NO READINGS, MS. PAINE.

I SUGGEST YOU BRIEF US, IF YOU WANT US TO FIND IT.



MY LAB BOYS WERE CREATING AN ARTIFICIAL LIFEFORM. I WANT TO CREATE EMPLOYEES I CAN CONTROL!!

BUT THOSE SCREW-UPS BLEW IT! WHO GETS THE FIRST PINK SLIP?!

WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?! YOU FIND THAT THING OR YOU'RE OFF THE METER!

HAVE A NICE DAY, MS. PAINE.

SO MUCH FOR R'n'R.

WITCH.

CURIOUS CREATURE. MY INTERNAL SENSORS INDICATE THE LIFEFORM'S DNA-RNA MATRIX VIRTUALLY MATCHES MS. PAINE'S.

I WONDER WHAT OUR EMPLOYER'S TRUE INTENTIONS ARE?

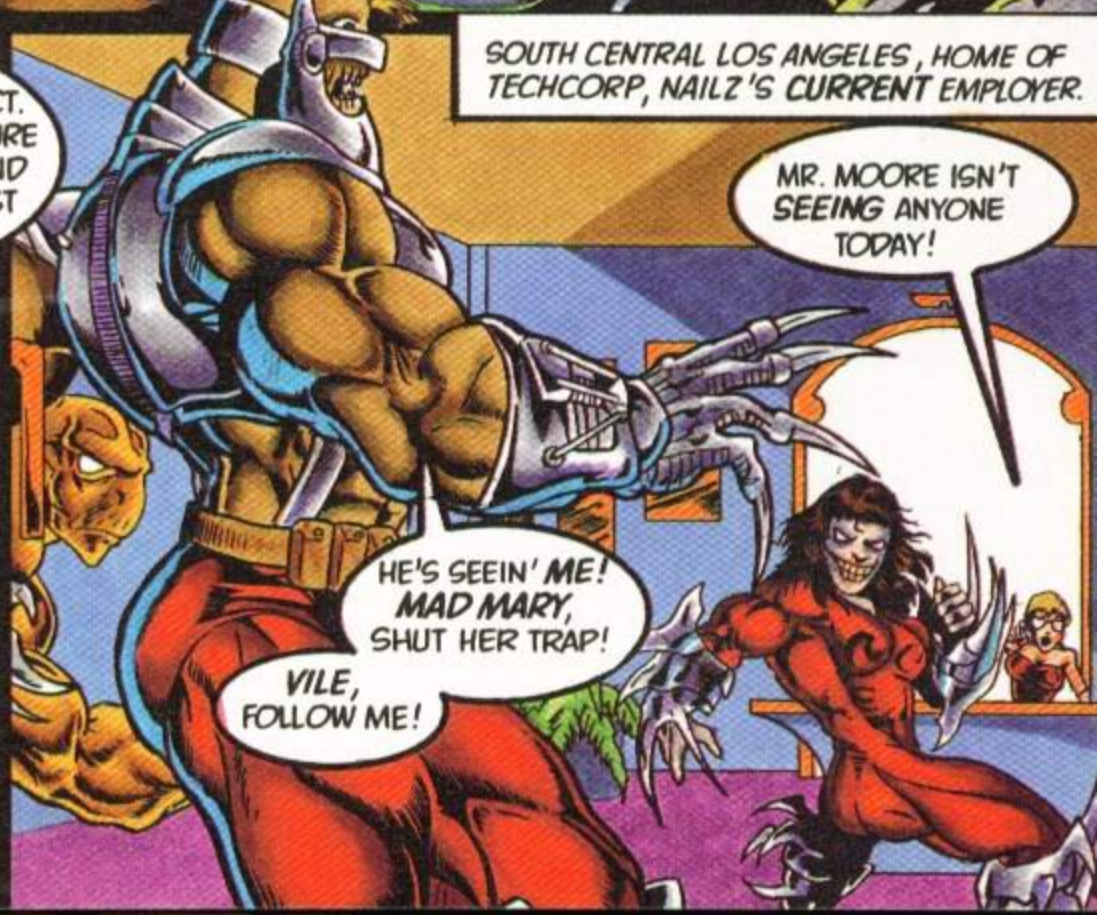


ALRIGHT, MS. PAINE'S GONE. WHERE IS THE LIFEFORM?

WHAT I SAID IS TECHNICALLY CORRECT. THIS CREATURE IS A PURE ELECTRICAL ENERGY AND IT'S MOVING TOO FAST TO LOCK DOWN.

WHAT'S IT DOING NOW?

LEARNING.



SOUTH CENTRAL LOS ANGELES, HOME OF TECHCORP, NAILZ'S CURRENT EMPLOYER.

MR. MOORE ISN'T SEEING ANYONE TODAY!

HE'S SEEIN' ME! MAD MARY, SHUT HER TRAP!

VILE, FOLLOW ME!





MR. MOORE, WHADDAYU MEAN I DON'T GET PAID?

I HIRED YOU TO GET SAMPLES. YOU BLEW IT, SO I'M NOT CREDITING YOU!

THE CONTRACT IS PAYABLE REGARDLESS OF OUTCOME.



NOT IN MY BOOK! I SHOULD'VE KNOWN NOT TO MATCH YOU UP AGAINST THE LYNCH MOB!

DON'T SAY THAT NAME!

VILE-- DO IT!

1 MONEY...

MONEY...

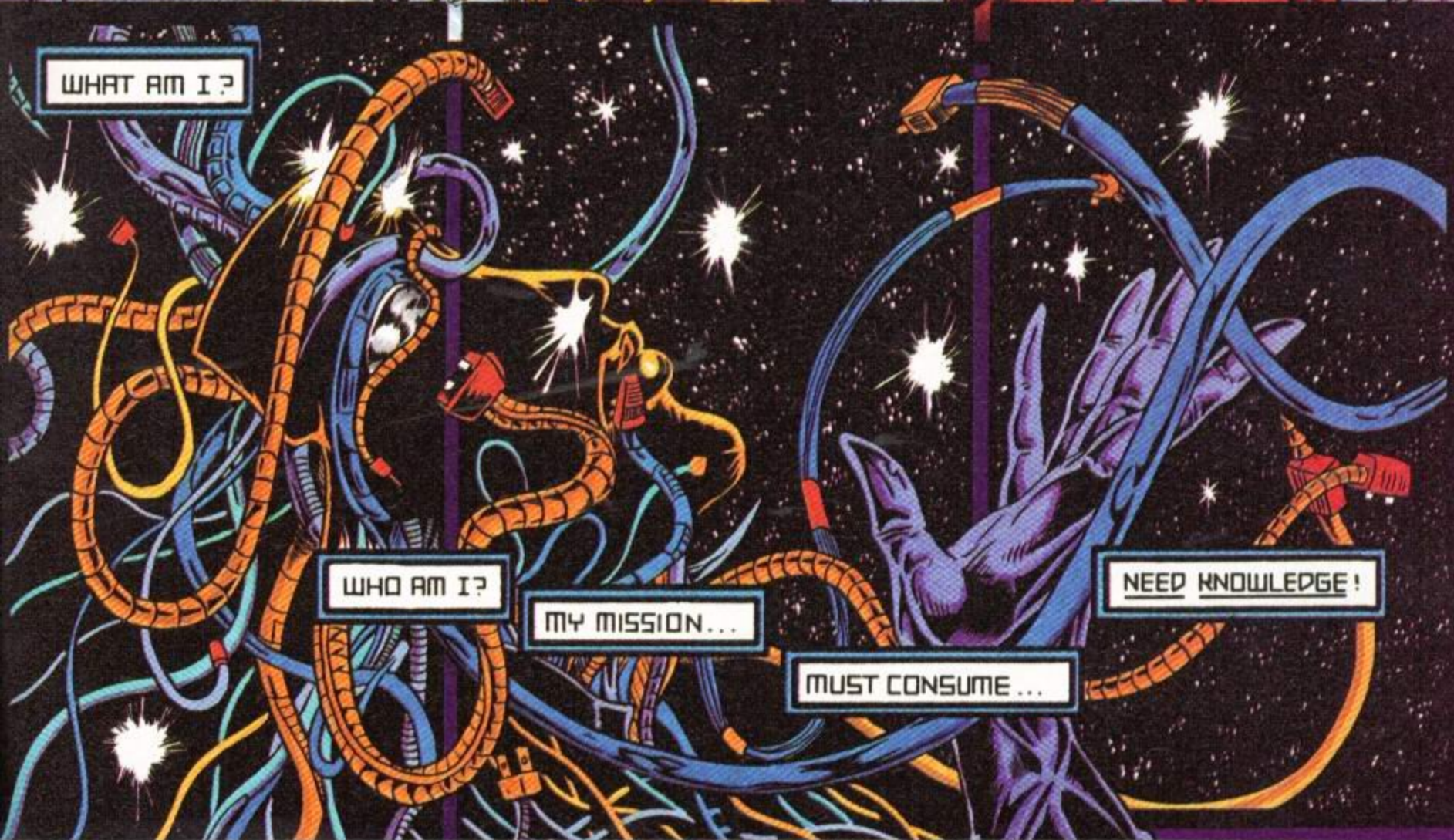
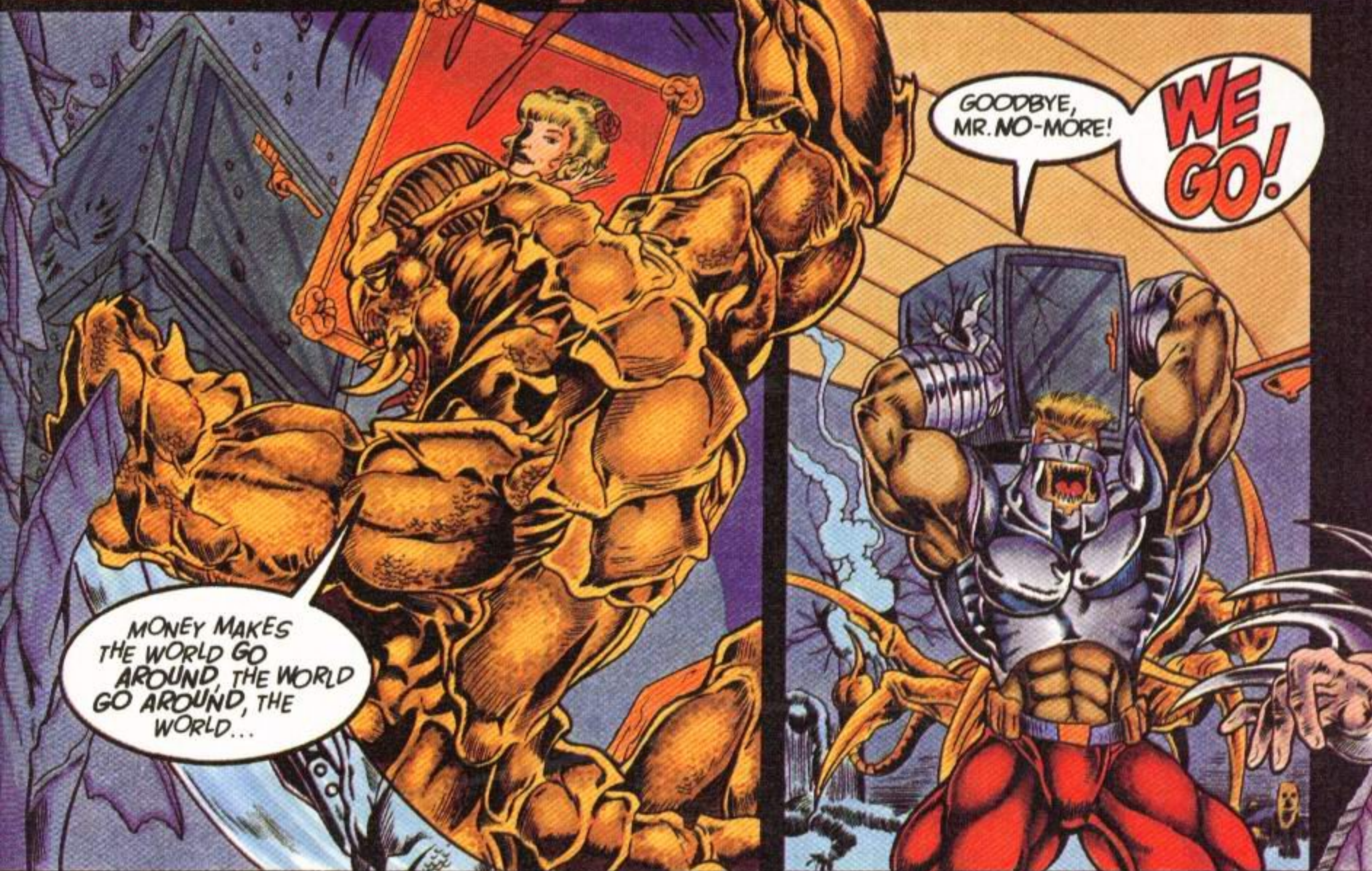
MONEY...

FOOLSSSSS

WE CAME TO COLLECT!









NAILZ, SPURRED ON BY HIS HATRED OF LYNCH MOB SEEKS THE UNIQUE SERVICES OF BLOCK, A PARA-HUMAN MESSENGER.

OKAY, OKAY, I GOT THE CRED.

LOOK AT YOU, CRAWLING WITH CRED. WHO HAD TO DIE FOR THAT?

FORGET ABOUT IT!

HERE'S THE MESSAGE: THE MEET COMES DOWN TONIGHT AT OLD DODGER'S STADIUM. I GOT LOTS OF CRED FOR LOTS OF FREELANCERS. I GOT A BIG JOB.

CARE TO DISCUSS PARTICULARS?

WE'RE GOING TO WHACK THE LYNCH MOB.

GET SERIOUS.

IF I BUY A HUNDRED PARA-HUMAN FREELANCERS, THE LYNCH MOB CAN'T STOP THAT.

NOW, COME ON, DO IT!

EACH OF MY MICRO-MECHS WORKS INDEPENDENTLY. THEY WILL LOCATE PARA-HUMANS AND DELIVER YOUR MESSAGE.

YEAH, YEAH, THAT'S THE TICKET!

... I AM LONELY.

LYNCH, I GOT A LOCK ON ITS LOCATION.

WHERE?

AMERICORP CENTRAL PROCESSING!

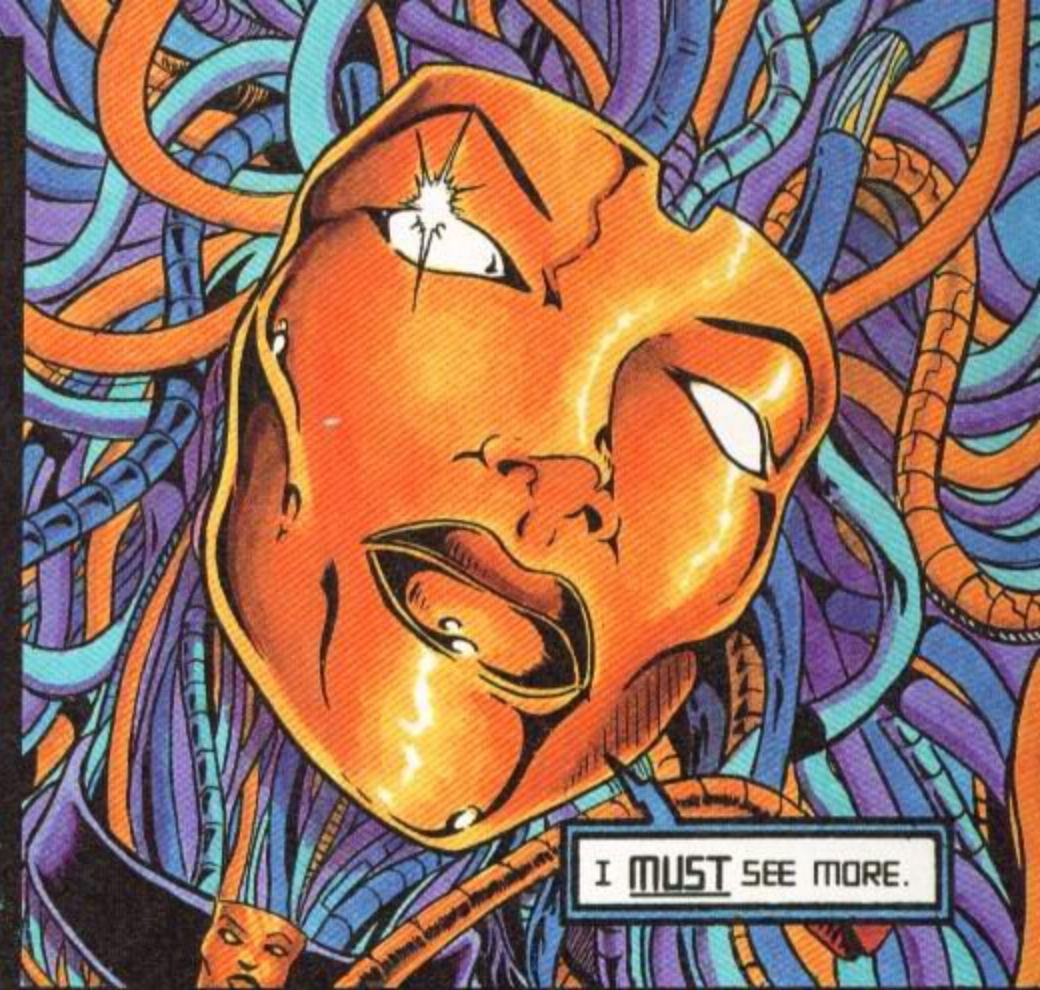




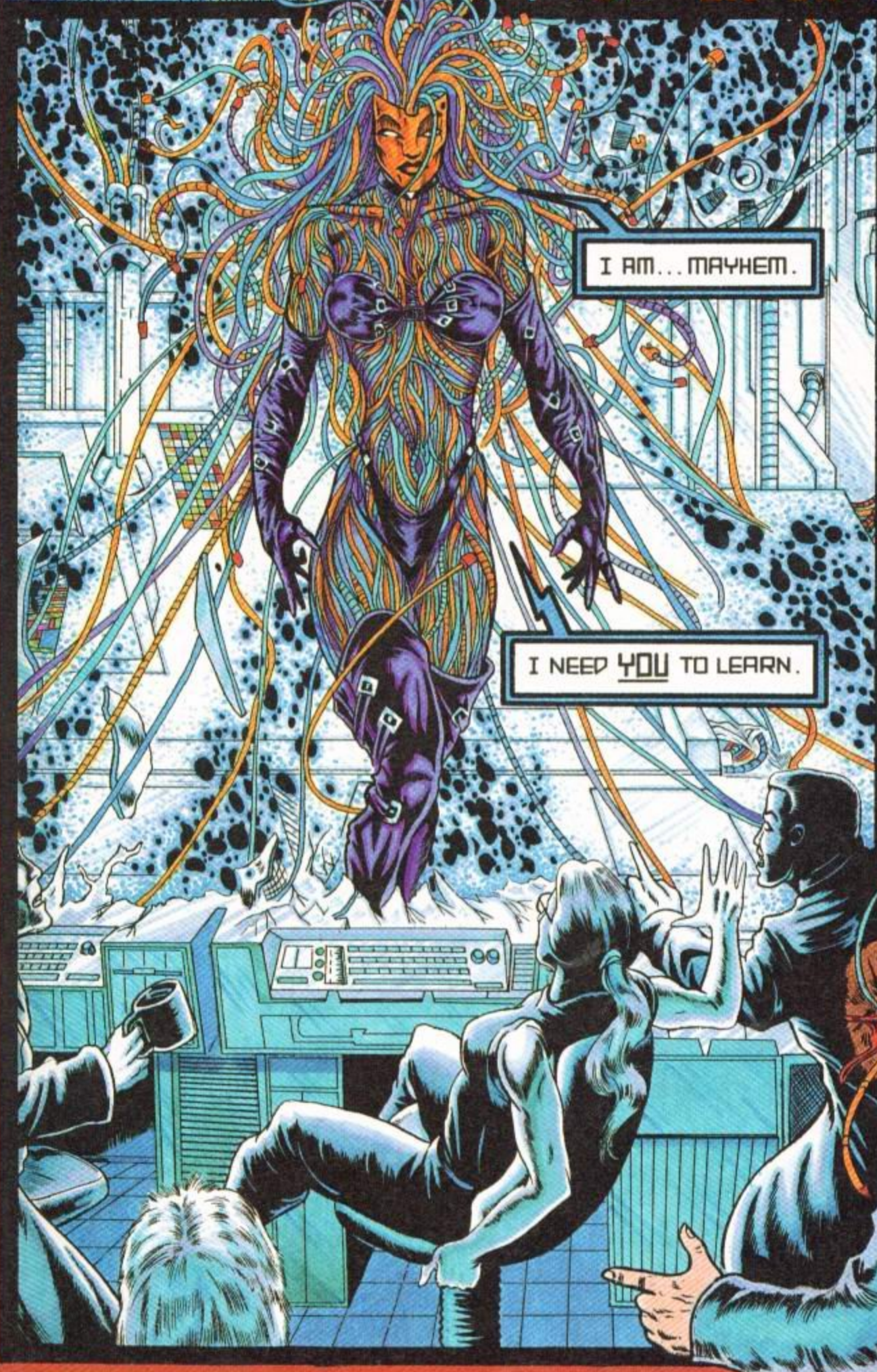
AMERICORP CENTRAL  
PROCESSING DATA LAB.

WHAT IS THAT ?!

YOU TELL ME!



I MUST SEE MORE.



I AM... MAYHEM.

I NEED YOU TO LEARN.



SPLUNK





THAR SHE  
BLOWS!



SLEDGE! RUNT!  
FLANK HER AND  
CLOSE IN!

KNOX! SKRAG  
THE COMPUTERS!  
IT'S HER MEANS  
OF ESCAPE!

COPY  
THAT!



WHAT?!

#@%&!!!

WHY DO YOU ATTACK ME?  
I MEAN YOU NO HARM.

SHE'S GOT A  
FUNNY WAY OF  
SHOWING  
IT, NO?





COME NO CLOSER!  
I WILL DEFEND MYSELF!

MAN DOWN!  
MAN DOWN!

GOT HER!  
SHE'S NOT GOING  
ANYWHERE!

YOU THINK SO?

AAH!

SHE'S  
GETTING  
AWAY!!!

BZZZZZZZZZZRRRTTTT





MEDIC!

JUST A MINUTE, TROOPER.

REMEMBER, YOUR ARM IS A SERVO-MECH. DON'T GIVE IN TO SHOCK!

CLEAR YOUR MIND, ELI.

I'LL FOCUS MY ENERGY...

...AND COMPLETE THE HEALING PROCESS.

Ahhh, THAT'S BETTER, STEEL.

THAT LADY IS ONE TOUGH MOTHER! IT'LL TAKE ME THE BETTER PART OF A DAY TO REATTACH THE ARM.

MY INTERNAL TRACKING SYSTEMS ARE SOUND. SHE WENT OFF THE AMERICORP COMPUTER NET. SHE'S CROSSED OVER INTO BLITZCORP.

KNOX, REPORT.

SHE CALLED HERSELF MAYHEM.

MOTHER MAYHEM. Hmm. BLITZCORP IS A WEAPONS SUPPLIER! LET'S GET MOVING, PEOPLE!

WE MAY HAVE AN INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT ON OUR HANDS!





THEY SEEK TO HARM ME.

MY ONLY CHOICE IS  
TO DEFEND MYSELF.

MUST CONTROL DATA.

MUST CONTROL WEAPONS.

CONTROL!

CONTROL!

CONTROL!

RANDALL BLITZ OF BLITZCORP.

WHAT THE HELL  
DID YOU SEND INTO  
MY SYSTEM? THIS IS  
AN ACT OF WAR!

BLITZ, RELAX.  
AN EXTRACTION  
TEAM IS ON  
THE WAY.

MY GOD... IT  
HAS CONTROL OVER  
MY WEAPONS SYSTEMS.  
DO YOU REALIZE  
WHAT THIS MEANS?!

UNQUESTIONABLY.  
I CONTROL  
BLITZCORP.

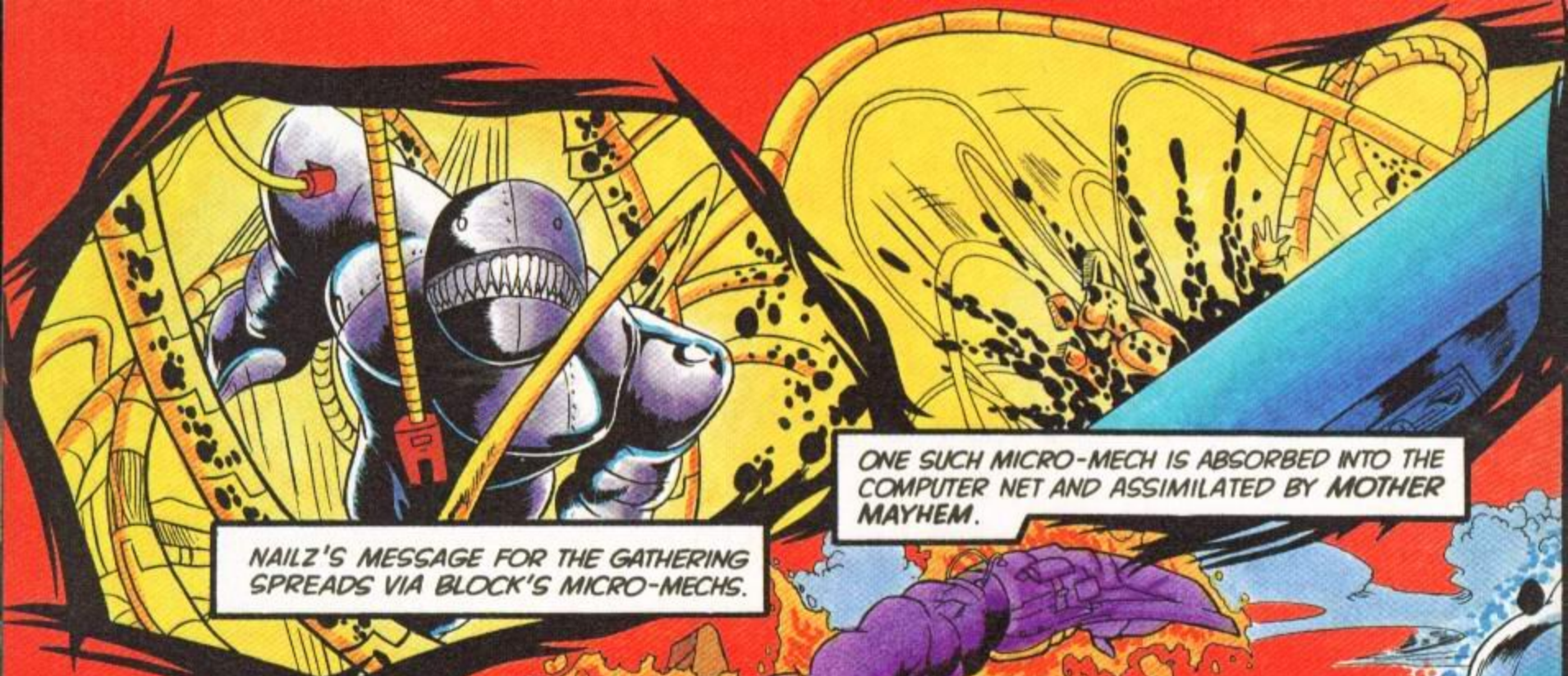
MS. PAINE, WE  
HAVE ABSOLUTELY  
NO CONTROL OVER  
SUBJECT: IT'S  
OPERATING AUTO-  
NOMOUSLY.

WHAT?!!!

SHE'S ABSORBING  
EVERY CONGLOMERATE'S  
COMPUTER NET AND  
LOCKING THEM OUT!  
AT THIS RATE,  
SHE'LL BE IN WORLD  
CONTROL IN TWO  
HOURS!

KEEP TRACKIN'  
HER, KNOX!





ONE SUCH MICRO-MECH IS ABSORBED INTO THE COMPUTER NET AND ASSIMILATED BY MOTHER MAYHEM.

NAILZ'S MESSAGE FOR THE GATHERING SPREADS VIA BLOCK'S MICRO-MECHS.

OTHERS LIKE ME!

DODGER'S STADIUM.

HOW DID YOU ESCAPE?

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT! YOU OWE US CREDITS!

NO PROBLEM.

WHAT'S THE MISSION?

HEY, LADY, WHO ARE YOU?!

I AM LIKE YOU.

RRRRR!





WHAT ARE  
YOU TALKIN'  
ABOUT, LADY?

I AM NEW. I SEEK OTHERS LIKE  
ME. THIS WORLD IS DYING--  
ALL THE DATA POINTS TO THAT.

NEARBY...

MY CHOICES ARE CLEAR.  
EITHER I DESTROY THIS  
WORLD OR GO TO A SIMPLER  
PLACE. WHICH DO I CHOOSE?

CONTAIN HER,  
DON'T DESTROY  
HER!

CYNTHIA,  
YOU REALIZE  
THE POWER  
SHE HAS?!

I'LL  
FIRE  
YOU!

THEN I'LL  
MAKE IT SIMPLE.  
WE QUIT!  
LYNCH OUT.

ZZZZZZZ

LOOK WHAT WE  
GOT HERE--  
A PARA-HUMAN  
CONVENTION.

YOU UP FOR THIS?

LET'S SEE.  
WE BEEN WORKIN'  
FIFTY TWO HOURS  
STRAIGHT...

...KNOX LOST  
AN ARM...

...THERE'S MAYBE  
A HUNDRED OF THEM  
AND FIVE OF US...

I SUGGEST  
WE BLUFF.

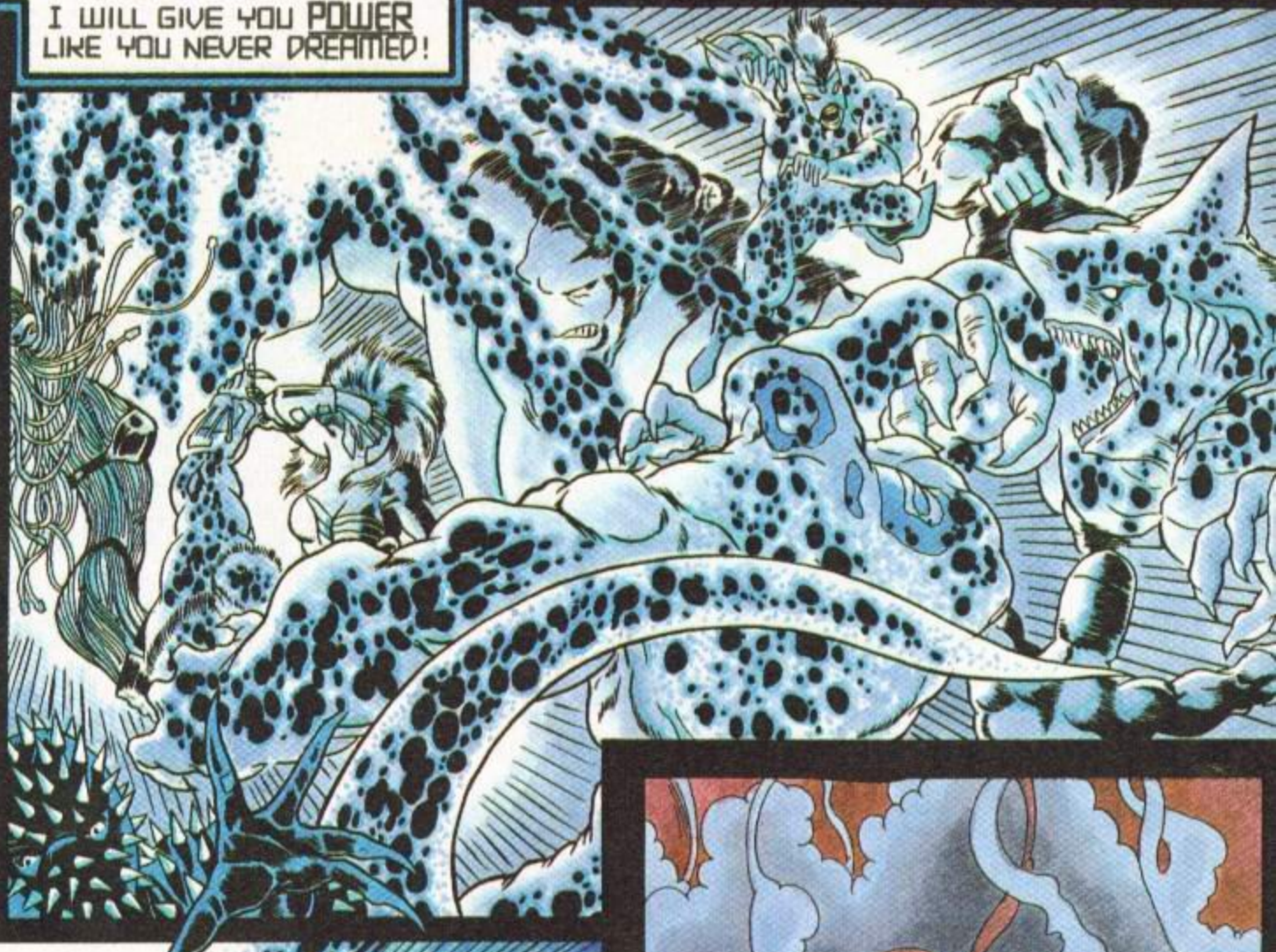




NAILZ! STOP  
RIGHT NOW. YOU'RE  
SURROUNDED. A SNIPER  
HAS A GUN TRAINED  
ON YOUR HEAD!

THEY ARE THE ONES WHO ARE  
TRYING TO DESTROY ME.  
I NEED  
PROTECTION!

YOU! YOU WILL BE MY CHAMPIONS!  
I WILL GIVE YOU POWER  
LIKE YOU NEVER DREAMED!







STOP THEM! STOP  
THE LYNCH MOB!

WITH  
PLEASURE.

NEXT ISSUE:

**EXODUS!**